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When the Light goes out, and other Poems.

by

HARRY S. CHESTER

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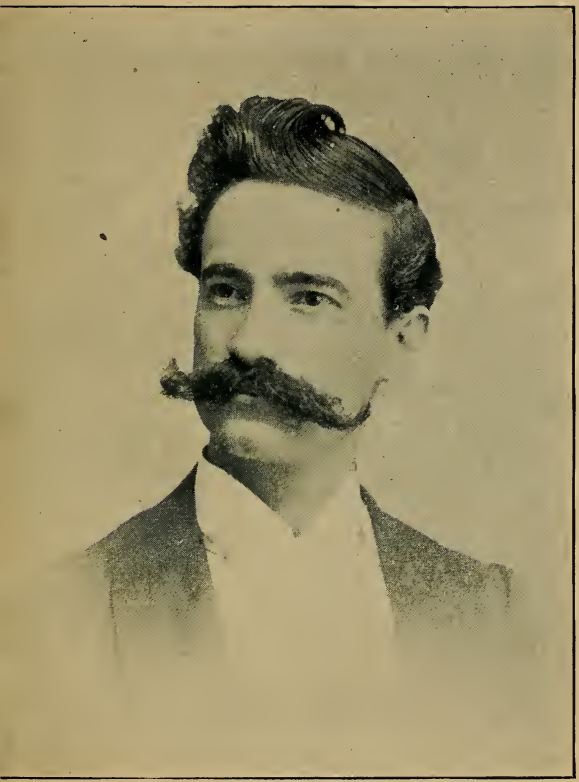

HARRY S. CHESTER.

"WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT"

AND OTHER POEMS.

.. BY ..

HARRY S. CHESTER.

ELKHART, IND.

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1900.

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BY
HARRY S. CHESTER.

To my friend, Hon. C. G. CONN,
this little book is respectfully dedicated.

If this little book impart
Joy unto a single heart
Better far for me than gold
Recompense a thousand fold.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
When the Light Goes Out	1
The Old Year	4
Unidentified	6
The Old Home	9
Out At Dunlaps Station	11
Recessional	13
A Strain of Music	15
True Love That Never Dies	18
The River Styx	19
Gentleman Jim	22
Christiana Lake	23
Organ Grinder's Song	26
Nellie Dale	27
The Blue and The Gray	30
The Old St. Jo	31
O Happy Youth	33
Easter	34
Life Is But A Round of Pleasure	35
At Blenheim Castle	36

A Dream of Life 37
After Winter Comes The Spring 41
It Might Be Worse 42
Since Nellie Went Away 45
You Can't Please Every One 48
A French Idyl 49
Smoky Run 50
The Wakarusa Band 52
Toast To The Ladies 54
"Whirrul" It 57
Our Boys In Blue 58
Lullaby 59
Santiago 60
The Privates And The Crew 61
Frog Quartette 63
The Clock 65
The Typical Tramp 67
As We Are 70
Dewey's Comin' Home 73
It's Better To Believe 75
B. P. O. E 78
My Little Baby Boy 80
Our Own Jack Tar 81
Old Glory 82
The Old Cane Pole 83
Tale Of The Tyro 84
Lefebre 87
Washington 89

WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

THO' yer lamp o' life is burnin' with a clear
an' steady light,
An' it never seems ter flicker, but it's
allers shinin' bright;
Tho' it sheds its rays unbroken for a thousan'
happy days—
Father Time is ever turnin' down the wick
thet feeds the blaze.
So it clearly is yer duty ef you've got a thing
ter do,
Ter put yer shoulder to the wheel an' try to
push her through;
Ef yer upon a wayward track yer better turn
about—
You've lost ther chance ter do it when the
Light
Goes
Out.

Speak kindly to the woman who is workin' for
yer praise,
The same way ez you used ter in those happy
courtin' days;
She likes appreciation jest the same ez me an'
you,
An' it's only right an' proper thet yer give her
what is due.

Don't wait until her lamp o' life is burnin' dim
an' low,
Afore you tell her what you orter told her long
ago—
Now's the time ter cheer her up an' put her
blues to rout—
You've lost ther chance to do it when the
Light
Goes
Out.

Don't keep a puttin' matters off an' settin dates
ahead—
Tomorrow's sun 'll find a hundred thousand of
us dead;
Don't think because yer feelin' well you won't
be sick no more—
Sometimes the reddest pippin hez a worm-hole
to the core.
Don't let a killin' habit grow upon you soft an'
still
Because you think thet you ken throw it from
you et your will—
Now's the time ter quit it when yer feelin'
brave an' stout—
You've lost the chance ter do it when the
Light
Goes
Out.

I'd ruther die with nuthin' then ter hev the
people say

Thet I hed got my money in a robbin', graspin' way;
No words above my restin' place from any tongue or pen
Would hev a deeper meanin' then "He helped his fellow men."
So ef you hev a fortune an' you want to help the poor
Don't keep a stavin' off until you get a little more;
Ef yer upon a miser's track you better turn about—
Yer record keeps on burnin' when the
Light
Goes
Out.

THE OLD YEAR.

GOOD-BY, Old Year, 'tis not without a sigh
I realize this hour is thy last,
For in thy wake a thousand memories lie
Like changeless specters of the buried past.

I had a friend, Old Year, a generous boy—
Good resolutions marked his start with thee;
But sorrow drowned his fondest hopes of joy,
And happiness gave way to misery.

Aye, for a while no storm-cloud marred the sky;
Proudly he rode life's great uncertain ship,
Until the rock temptation dimmed his eye
And resolutions froze upon his lip.

He knows the mighty secret (if to know
Befalls the lot of every human soul)
Of death's true meaning—of the awful flow
Of human hearts to life's old-fashioned goal.

I had a dearer friend, Old Year, and she
With all a woman's grander virtues shone,
Most nobly pure in her simplicity—
But she is dead, and I am all alone.

With poignant grief and sorrow thou art through,
Departed one! Sleep in thy hallowed place;
For like the shamrock drinks the morning dew
One heart absorbs the image of thy face.

Though time may change the noblest form to clay,
And rack the living with a ceaseless strife,
Naught can diminish memory's soothing ray,
That sheds its beauty down the path of life.

Old dying year, I would not have thee stay;
Fly on, and meet the countless thousands who
Within thy varied chapter passed away—
Good-by, Old Year—I enter on the new.

UNIDENTIFIED.

THER' comes the undertaker's team a-trottin' down the street
With somethin' in the wagon thet is covered with a sheet;
'T won't be long afore the crowd begins to gather 'round
To see the undertaker fit thet somethin' for the ground.
Some poor mortal's seen the last o' misery an' woe;
Some poor brother knows the secret everyone must know;
Somehow 't blurs a feller's eyes to think of how he died—
Drownded up the river, an' he's unidentified.

His clothin' an' his gen'ral style don't bear refinement's stamp—
The chances are thet he was some despondent, starvin' tramp
Who thought thet he hed taken mor'n his share o' sorrow's cup
An' jumped into the river jest to wind the business up.
The world ain't goin' to weepin'—jest a few'll gather 'round
An' help to lift the plain pine box an' drop it in the ground;
The ordinary mortal ain't a-goin' to turn aside
An' lose much time attendin' to the unidentified.

Ther' may be achin' hearts in some far distant land thet burn
With longin' for the son o' their's thet never will return :
Ther' may be little children waitin' some ers at the door
For footsteps that'll fall upon the threshold nevermore ;
Ther' may be one thet's prayin' for the clouds to roll apart
An' let a ray o' sunshine creep into her bleedin' heart—
She ll never see the sunshine, for her hope an' joy an' pride
Hez drownded up the river, an' he's unidentified.

We don't know who the stranger wuz or what he might ha' been—
He might ha' been a hero once among his fellow men ;
He might ha' had a happy home till fortune turned away
An' misery an' trouble drove him where he is today.
He might ha' been industrious—he might ha' been—oh, well,
He might ha' been most anything—ther an't no way to tell—
Ther' an't no use conjecturin'—we only know he died
Jest like a thousand others who are unidentified.

It's hard enough to see a brother laid away to rest
When lovin' hands 'll fold his frozen hands across his breast;
But when yer see a feller die with not a friend in sight,
It allers seems thet somehow things an't runnin' on jest right;
An' when they put him in the ground an' mark his grave "Unknown,"
It makes me think thet mebbe he won't stay there all alone,
For God an't goin' to pass him by an' miss him jest becuz
He drownded up the river an' *we* don't know who he wuz.

THE OLD HOME.

I SAW the dear old place, Eugene,
The home we used to know
When life was new and cares were few
So many years ago;
The old familiar house, ah me—
The same old tree near by
In whose cool shade we romped and played
My brother—you and I.

The little laughing, babbling brook,
Where dwelt the speckled trout,
Is running still adown the hill
And winding in and out
Across the verdant pasture field,
And through the shady glen—
With music sweet it seemed to greet
The boy returned again.

The fruit trees growing near the well
With pears and apples hung,
Gave me a treat, oh, full as sweet
As when we both were young;
The time worn weather beaten post
Where you once carved your name,
Like some old guard before the yard
Is standing just the same.

The grape vine arbor lane, Eugene,
Where you and I once played
With joy serene—is just as green
And deep in leafy shade.

The honeysuckle bushes too
Wear just as bright a dress
As ever shown from any throne
Or robed a fair princess.

The happy birds were singing, oh
Just as they used to sing
When all the earth was full of mirth,
And all the year was spring;
When sweet content and happiness
Claimed childhood as their own,
And grief and care and deep despair
Were then to us unknown.

I drank from out the bubbling spring.
Down by the willow tree,
Where oft we quaffed the cooling draught
In childish ecstasy;
But when I knelt to drink, I saw
A face, how changed!—in truth—
A gray haired man revealed the span
Between old age and youth.

Ah me, how full our cup would be
If in our life's decline,
One hour of youth and joy and truth
And hope were yours and mine.
'Twould be the dearest happiness
That our old age could know
To feel to-night the keen delight
Of fifty years ago.

OUT AT DUNLAPS STATION.

MAKES a fellow kind 'er blue walkin' through ther place—
Never see a happy smile on a single face;
All the joy an' pleasure of other days is dead;
All the hope an' pluk an' grit an' energy is fled;
Dreams of better days ahead, free from pain an' care,
Long ago have vanished like bubbles in the air.
Those poor souls an't livin'—jest exist from day to day—
Out at Dunlaps Station, where the paupers stay.

"They're to blame for bein' there?" Mebbe not, my friend;
Troubles sometime chase a man way up to the end.
Fortune an't distributed in an equal way,
Some are sick an' poor in youth an' poorer when they're gray;
Others allers have their health an' never strike a bog
An' Fortune comes to them as slick as fallin' off a log.
Who's to blame for all the woes it's pretty hard to say,
Out at Dunlaps Station, where the paupers stay.

No man knows just allus how misfortunes come about;
Lots of men have lost their grip in helpin' others out.
Others pray for God's own poor, all penitent an' meek,
An' squeeze a piece of money till you hear the eagle shriek.
'Taint no wonder they get rich an' keep away from debt,
Grabbin' everything in sight an' keepin' all they get.
Rather than be built like that, I'd jest start out today
An' go to Dunlaps Station, where the paupers stay.

The world is fightin' shy of 'em an' leavin' 'em alone;
Ther's no one takes much notice of a pauper's sob an' moan;
They've lost their independence an' they have no guidin' star,
An' who's a-goin' to study what a pauper's feelin's are?
But there's a recompense for them that's equal to the best—
The world can't put a price upon a sweet eternal rest,
An' sleep 'll come to them some time an' clear the clouds away—
Out at Dunlaps Station, where the paupers stay.

RECESSIONAL.

[After Kipling.]

GOD of our Fathers, whose decree
Sweeps emperors from high estate.
Whose wisdom pilots destiny,
Whose awful might determines fate—
Lord God of Hosts, desert us not—
We have forgot—we have forgot.

Oppressed Armenia prays relief—
Sore stricken Greece appeals in vain,
While India's millions nurse their grief
With pangs of sharp starvation's pain.
Lord God of Hosts, desert us not—
We have forgot—we have forgot.

How often, oh, how often, Lord,
When Britons bravely, blindly fought
The rifle and the keen edged sword
Usurped the charity He taught—
Lord God of Hosts, desert us not—
We have forgot—we have forgot.

God of our Fathers, in our hearts
Instill that christian love of old—
Let all the joy that love imparts
Drive out the lust for power and gold—
Lord God of Hosts, desert us not—
We have forgot—we have forgot.

Where mighty navies ride the seas—
Where serried columns guard the shore—
We pray Thee, Lord, on bended knees
Let peace control forevermore.
Teach all the world to sheathe the sword—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

I WUZ settin' by my winder all alone one Sunday night,
When the bells had quit their ringin' an' the moon wuz shinin' bright,
An' I felt a little lonesome till ther' sudden come along
The sweetest strain o' music from an old familiar song.

They wa'n't no ordinary notes—they seemed ter throb and swell
With a different kind o' feelin' then a pen could ever tell;
They seemed ter lift me up an' take me back through many years
Of pleasure an' of happiness, of misery an' tears.

I saw the dear old places thet my childhood used ter know,
Where the sweet arbutus an' the tender watercresses grow,
Where the crystal water bubbles out o' springs so bright and clear
Thet a drink of it 'ud brace yer quicker 'n any wine or beer.

I saw the happy faces that I cherished in my youth,
When life wuz full o' happiness, an' love, an' hope, an' truth,

An' they seemed ter smile upon me ez they used ter long ago
When the future seemed so distant an' the present seemed so slow.

We sang again in chorus the old song we used ter sing,
An' we pushed an' pulled each other in the twisted grape-vine swing,
An' we went into the orchard where the great big pippins hung,
An' we dropped 'em ez we used ter do when they an' I wuz young.

They seemed ter cheer me up again an' start me on the way
Thet I've traveled since I left 'em down until the present day;
An' then we separated an' each took a different lane,
But I somehow kinder thought thet mine 'ud strike the richest vein.

An' ez I traveled on I saw the chances thet I lost,
An' a thousand different slips for which the future paid the cost,
An' I thought ef I could see the future ez I see the past
Thet I'd make a different showin' an' a record thet 'ud last.

Now all those friends I cherished so are scattered far an' wide—
Jest a few, I hear, are livin', but the better part hez died.
Yet I allers see ther' faces in a happy, joyous throng
When I hear a strain o' music from thet old familiar song.

TRUE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

OH, give to me the honest heart
Where truest love abides,
And all the joy it can impart
Whatever fate betides.
No other blessing so divine
Within our being lies—
Oh, let this happiness be mine—
True love that never dies,

Oh, tell me not of priceless gems
That brilliant lustre shed;
Oh, tell me not of diadems
That grace a royal head;
No jewel ever held control
Or gladdened beaming eyes
Like that enchantment of the soul—
True love that never dies.

THE RIVER STYX.

"WE'RE all born free an' equal," is a pretty little speech,
An' quite a warmin' sentiment for socialists to preach;
But be it false or be it true—however it may be—
It don't take long afore we lose that born equality.
For some 'r rich an' some 'r poor; some coarse an' some 'r fine.
An' custom forces us, you know, to draw the social line;
But there's a time when poverty an' wealth'll hev' to mix—
There ain't no graded ferryboats upon the River Styx.

The Czar of all the Russias with an iron rod controls
The earthly destiny of full a hundred million souls;
For many thousan' miles aroun' his power is complete,
An' rich an' poor, at his command, must worship at his feet.

An' when his majesty desires to see a foreign land,
A special train, or man o'war, is ever at his hand;
But all his wealth an' influence an' diplomatic tricks
Won't put a special ferryboat upon the River Styx.

Most any one that's ever been away upon a trip
Will know how quick a porter moves if he can get a "tip,"
He'll scrape aroun' an' bow, an' smile, an' somehow when he's done
Your sleepin' berth is some'at better than the av'rage run.
But there's this consolation to the countless millions who
Can never feel, but only see the wonders wealth'll do—
Ther' ain't no weak officials that a piece of gold'll fix
A-workin on the ferryboat that runs across the Styx.

Most every one has got a greed for money more or less—
A dollar's allus had its weight—an' allus will, I guess;

It's pretty late to try to change the character
of men—
So let things be unequal here, as they hev allus
been,
For there's a power that is bound to level
everything
An' place a ragged pauper on an equal with a
king:
An' there's a time when poverty and wealth'll
hev to mix,
An' that's upon the ferryboat that runs across
the Styx.

GENTLEMAN JIM.

GENTLEMAN JIM was an athlete bold,
An athlete bold was he;
He called for his pen and a bottle of ink,
And shouted loud in glee.
Then he dashed him off to Gentleman Bob
A bristling, fierce defi;
Then settled himself in his easy chair,
And he winked his other eye.

"I can lick the world," said Gentleman Jim,
In his Lindley Murray way;
"I can punch the head off Gentleman Bob,
"Or I'll eat a bale of hay,"
Then he murmured low, did Gentleman Jim,
"I'm an eminent pugilist,
"For my paper and pen and my gory ink
"Are mightier than my fist."

CHRISTIANA LAKE.

LET others sing of famous lakes and pretty babblin' brooks—
Of stylish seaside summer homes an' artificial nooks—
These allus have their charm for some, but I ain't much on style—
I like to take it in the rough and see ole nature smile,
Where waters are as clear as ever bubbled out o' spring,
An' scenery would almost make a tongue-tied linnet sing;
Oh, when vacation comes again, I'll pack my kit an' take
My summer recreation out at Christiana Lake.

The black bass an' the blue gills an' the straw bass—say, yer eyes
Would bulge right out to see the way they jump up after flies;
An' if you understand the art that Isaak Walton taught
You needn't be ashamed to show the people what you caught;
For if you ain't born tired an' you want to catch some fish,
Jest take yer boat an' pole an' bait an' gratify yer wish—
Oh, when the buds are bursting an' the spring begins to break,
I'll slide right up an' have a fish at Christiana Lake.

You talk about your sunsets—say, they have 'em pretty fair
In other places, but I think they never quite compare
With those at Christiana Lake—the bright illumined skies—
They somehow make a feller think of heavn'ly paradise.
There's jest a flood of red an' blue an' gold an' silver light,
That seems to try an' check the march of swift advancin' night—
Old nature's richly colored paint could never, never make
A grander sunset than you see at Christiana Lake.

The chirpin' of the robins an' the bluebirds in the trees,
Mingles with the restful music of the murmurin', hummin' bees;
An' the swishin' waters singin' 'round the rushes near the shore
Make you think yer cup o' happiness is full an' flowin' o'er;
For the hustlin', bustlin' city seems a thousan' miles away,
An' you have the change yer lookin' for as long as you can stay.
Oh, better'n all the medicine that I could ever take
Is a week or two a-fishin' out at Christiana Lake.

" Where waters are as clear as ever bubbled out o' spring."

Oh, the pleasure without measure that is waitin' for me when
The whippoorwills an' bobolinks an' thrushes come again,
An' the air is full of joy an' song, an' everything is green,
An' nature's brightest handiwork on every side is seen;
Then I'll jest live in the sunshine an' drink in the country air,
An' I'll lay aside all worry an' forget each carkin' care,
An' I'll gather up my tackle an' I'll make a bee-line break
For the bass that's waitin' for me out at Christiana Lake.

ORGAN GRINDER'S SONG.

I GRINDA, grinda, all de day,
Do my vera besta;
I don't get vera mucha pay,
Monka he no resta;
And lika lotta people, I
Travel with my monka,
And up and down the street we try
Gather in a plunka.

[To Monkey]
I give you maccaronna, when
Make a little mona;
I'll get banan and peanuts, then
Have a lotta funna;
And when we getta mona heap
Have de besta tima
We'll eat and drink and play and sleep
In Italia's clima.

Organ grinda got to worka
Maka people giva
Got to worka lika Turka
If he wanta liva;
Play de operatic tuna
Maka a greata hitta;
Driva people almost luna
Pay to make me quitta.

NELLIE DALE.

SO you never hee'rd of Nellie Dale? B'gosh that's mighty strange—
She used to teach the districk school down here at Devil's Range;
She just can't walk around at all—not even with a crutch—
She hain't got any feet you see. What—born that way? Not much!

You'd like to hear her story, hey? Well this is how it goes:
'Twas along some time in March, I think, when everything was froze,
When a bitin' blizzard come along an' drifted the snow about,
An' caught poor Nellie an' all the kids afore the school let out.

Well, the school house wasn't blizzard-proof, ef it was put up to stay,
An' the nearest place was a farm house, a half a mile away.
But Nellie was grit—yer bet she was—an' she didn't set down an' cry,
For she knew she had to reach that house, or she and the kids 'ud die.
So she bundled 'em all up good an warm, in the quickest kind o' style,
An' made 'em all take hold o' hands, an' line up single file;

Then she started down the prairie road, an' she had 'em all in tow,
Bracin' 'em up with words o' cheer an' steerin' 'em through the snow.

But it wasn't the easiest sort o' work; the kids 'ud stick in a drift,
An' Nellie 'ud have to hustle back an kinder give 'em a lift;
An' the wind was awful bitin' cold, an' at times it seemed almost
As tho' poor Nellie and all the rest 'ud have to give up the ghost.

But she was just the grittiest girl I ever run acrosst.
An' she plowed along till she reached the house, an' nary a kid was lost.
Not a single one was even nipped, tho' how they escaped God knows,
But Nellie, poor girl, she caught it hard; both of her legs were froze.

Well, it run along a couple of days afore a doctor come,
An' he saw in a minute there wan't much hope, an' things looked mighty glum;
But he took the only chance there was, and that wan't very bright—
He ampitated both her feet—an' Nellie come out all right.

We done the best we could for her, an' we done
it quick, you bet—
We got her a pair of wooden feet, but she hasn't
tried 'em yet.
But if ever for such an act of grit a just reward
is given,
Yer bet yer life there's a better pair awaitin'
her in heaven.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE north wind wafts a greeting
"God's will on earth was done,"
And the echo sings on the south wind's wings
"The Blue and the Gray are one."

One flag my southern brother—
One flag for you and me—
Beyond compare—and everywhere
The emblem of the free.

The dear old flag we honor
That our forefathers knew—
The star of light—the friend of right—
The red, the white, the blue.

So let the old, old story
Lie buried in the past,
For the ties that bind a nations kind
Are strong and true and fast.

Then bring the brightest garlands
And deck the graves of all—
For the Blue and the Gray are one for aye,
What ever may befall.

THE OLD ST. JO.

OH, the old St. Jo—
Oh, the dancing, glancing waters—how they ripple as they flow,
Softly singing liquid symphonies far sweeter to my ear
Than the melody of Mozart or the songs of Meyerbeer.
How the summer sunlight shimmers on its bright reflecting breast,
As it rolls along forever in a spirit of unrest.

Oh, the old St. Jo—
Oh, the wealth of blooming bushes and of willows bending low,
And the pretty, perfect paradise, the island set in green,
With its verdant shadows waving in the water's silver sheen;
And the graceful swallows twittering and sailing light and free,
Dipping down to kiss the wavelets as they dance away in glee.

Oh the old St. Jo—
Oh, the shady swimming bayou where the boys were wont to go—
Oh, the happiness of childhood, oh, the joy we held most dear,
The pleasure of disporting in the waters bright and clear.

Forgetfulness may claim all else, but time can never dim
The memory of a boy's delight—a good old-fashioned swim.

Oh, the old St. Jo—
When Luna's beaming beauty sheds a soft refulgent glow;
Oh, the music of the waters as they improvise a trill
In a running obligato to the plaintive whippoorwill;
And the gentle zephyrs humming through the waving willow trees—
How they fill the soul with echoes of a hundred harmonies.

Oh, the old St. Jo—
Like the future generations that are yet to come and go,
Forever and forever shall its waters flow away
In a never-failing current as they flow along today,
And lovers of old nature's brightest work shall learn to know
The many matchless beauties of the old St. Jo.

"Oh, the wealth of blooming bushes and of willows bending low."

O HAPPY YOUTH.

O HAPPY youth, when hearts are beating
With rapturous joy and love divine,
When days are short and nights are fleeting
And warm affections intertwine;
When hope looks forward to the morrow
And stars of promise brightly beam—
O joyous time, when care and sorrow
Evanish like a passing dream.

O sweetest youth, when life is teeming
With happiness and joy complete.
When faith is strong and hope is beaming,
And lovers youthful lovers greet;
O joyous time of health and pleasure
When rays of hope are shining bright—
Sweet memory's diadems to treasure—
O halcyon days of keen delight.

EASTER.

HAVE courage, men,
Tho' Christ is dead,
For the Lord has said
He shall rise again.

'Tis Easter time
And the music tells
In the happy chime
Of a thousand bells,
That Christ the Lord again has risen.

LIFE IS BUT A ROUND OF PLEASURE.

LIFE is but a round of pleasure,
Each can have a well filled measure
If he only wills that way;
Then let's drive away grim sorrow,
And let others trouble borrow
Worry not about tomorrow,
But we'll think about today.

CHORUS.

Drink, Drink, Drink and we'll be merry,
Clink, Clink, Clink the time away,
Drink, Drink, Drink the sparkling sherry,
Think not of the morrow but about today.

Happiness is ours to store it
If we only labor for it
With an honest, true intent;
Then we'll start the blues a flying
Substituting mirth for crying,
Every hour and minute trying
With our lot to be content.

AT BLENHEIM CASTLE.

HO! all Americans arise and shout with unanimity—
Dispatches tell us something that approaches grand sublimity;
The noble Prince of Wales, the perfect paragon of purity,
Has raised our Consuelo from a level of obscurity.

Tho' Consuelo's fame is now assured of perpetuity,
The noble duke can tremble, for his Vanderbilt annuity,
Though measured only by a most magnificent immensity,
May not withstand the noble prince's borrowing propensity.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

I DREAMED that from another sphere,
With clear discerning eye,
I saw the flow of life below
That moved unceasing by,
Like some vast river sweeping out
Into a boundless sea
It hurried through the world into
Unknown eternity.

I saw the blush of innocence
Upon a happy face,
Where reeking sin had never been,
And sorrow left no trace.
O! happy hours! O! golden youth!
What pangs thy memory cost,
When deep in tears of after years
We value what is lost.

I saw Temptation's gilded form
Along the path of youth,
Guerilla-like, unceasing strike
Integrity and truth;
Ambition seemed to waver when
Discretion fell a prey
To Passion's guiles and luring smiles
That sweep success away.

I saw a gambler luring on
The victim of his art,
While there would rise before his eyes
A brother's bleeding heart:
I saw the novice, answering
The baser passion's call,
In eagerness of sure success,
Advance—and lose his all.

I saw a thousand brothers stand
Upon a thousand rocks,
And none agreed the other's creed
Was strictly orthodox;
A Mussulman in rage decried
The Christian's inspired work,
While he in turn would madly spurn
The Koran of the Turk.

A drunken wretch reformed and cried
That he was pure and free,
And there was none—not even one
Was more revered than he:
I saw an erring sister fall
Upon her knees and pray,
But worldly hate had sealed her fate
Forever and for aye.

A ship lay rolling helpless on
The bosom of the deep;
I saw the swell that rose and fell
And heard the wild winds sweep:

I saw that ship go down with full
A thousand souls therein,
And soon the sea appeared to me
As if it had not been.

I heard the church bells ringing out
A welcome to a birth,
And sharp and plain they rang again
To swell the wedding mirth:
I heard them toll and seeming say:
"Ceased be his weary plod,
"A brother wight has said good night.
"And gone to meet his God."

I saw the countless millions who
Were battling with the tide,
While grim and gaunt the spectre, Want
Was ever at their side;
I saw a millionaire unmoved
Deny the starving band,
While wealth untold of hoarded gold
Invited his command.

I saw cupidity and greed
In every phase of life,
Precipitate unyielding hate
And never-ending strife;
I heard the voice of Justice speak
In ringing tones, and true:
"God's boundless store was given for
"The many—not the few."

I hailed a message as it fell
From azure tinted skies,
And soon I saw a heavenly law
Dissensions harmonize ;
Each mortal owned his fellow-man
A brother and a peer,
And each one tried to swell the tide
Of happiness and cheer.

The world with purest deeds and thoughts
Irradiant did gleam,
And here and there, and everywhere
Contentment reigned supreme ;
Existence seemed in every form
From pain and sorrow free—
When morning broke and I awoke
To life's reality.

AFTER WINTER COMES THE SPRING.

WINTER'S whistling winds are here;
Summer's sweetest scenes are fled;
Autumn's fallen leaves are sere;
Forest flowers all are dead.
Still content—aye, something more,
Thoughts of buds and blossoms bring—
Thoughts replete with pleasure, for
After winter comes the spring.

In the trials of your life;
When despair holds potent sway;
When your burdens in the strife
Hide ambition's faintest ray;
Let not honest courage wane,
But to hope triumphant cling,
For, like sunshine after rain,
After winter comes the spring.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

I HA'TE the weepin' pessimist that's allus talkin' blue
An' paintin' up his troubles with a cemetery hue;
He never sees a rainbow, but he allus sees a cloud,
An' tries to throw it over everybody like a shroud;
He pounds away at all he meets an' tries to make 'em think
That his has been the bitterest of bitter dregs to drink;
He tells you that his trouble is an overpow'rin' curse,
An' never stops to reason that it
Might
Be
Worse.

I like a noble fellow who can play a cheerful part,
No matter if a hidden sob is wellin' up his heart,

He makes you think a little grit will kinder
ease yer woe,
An' mebbe when tomorrow comes you'll stan' a
better show;
He'll allus take you by the hand an' soften down
yer fears,
An' make yer see a ray o' hope a-shinin' through
yer tears:
That's the kind o' fellow that can meet with a
reverse—
He can brace himself and say it
Might
Be
Worse.

Yer burden may be heavy, but you'll somehow
find it true
That ther' are others carryin' a bigger load
than you;
The world is blue enough, God knows, without
yer gettin' down
An' cryin' over trouble long afore it comes
aroun';
A faintin' heart was never known to bring a
brighter day,
An' weepin' an complainin' never drives the
clouds away—
So don't you advertise yer woe throughout the
universe,
But keep it to yourself an' say it
Might
Be
Worse.

If everybody's misery was written on his face,
There'd be but little pleasure here among the human race;
The glow o' cheerful happiness 'ud fade away and die,
An' all the springs o' joy an' mirth 'ud soon be runnin' dry.
So don't you grow discouraged, then, if everything goes wrong,
For if you wait a streak o' joy'll surely come along;
Don't keep a-mopin' all the time as mournful as a hearse,
But gulp yer trouble down an' say it

Might
Be
Worse.

SINCE NELLIE WENT AWAY.

THE homestead ain't ez bright an' cheerful
ez it used to be,
The leaves ain't growin' half so green upon
the maple tree;
The brook don't seem ter ripple like it used ter,
down the hill—
The bobolinks appear ter hev a some'at sadder
trill;
The wavin' corn hez lost its gold, the sunshine
ain't so bright,
The day is growin' shorter jest ter make a
longer night;
There's somethin' gnawin' at my heart I guess
hez come ter stay—
The world ain't been the same ter me since
Nellie went away.

The old piano over there I gave her when a
bride—
It ain't been played upon but once since she
took sick an' died,
An' then a neighbor's girl come in an' struck
up "Old Black Joe"
An' "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," an'
somehow, don't you know,

It almos' made me crazy wild with anguish an' dispair—
I saw her sittin' at the keys, but knew she wasn't there;
An' that is why I never want ter hear the old thing play—
The music don't sound natural since Nellie went away.

The parson tells me every man hez got ter hev his woe—
His argument is good, perhaps, for he had orter know—
But then it's hard for every one ter allers see the right
In turnin' pleasure into pain an' sunshine into night;
I guess it's all included in the Maker's hidden plan—
It takes a heap o' grief an' woe ter temper up a man.
I sympathize with any fellow when I hear him say
The world don't seem the same ter him since some one went away.

The Scripture says that in His own sweet way, if we but wait,
The Lord'll take our burdens an' set crooked matters straight;

An' there's a hope that all the grief an aching
heart can hold
Will be offset by happiness a hundred million
fold,
When we hev reached the end o' life's eventful
voyage at last
An' all our pain an' misery is buried in the
past.
An' so I'm lookin' for'ard to the dawnin' of a
day
When mebbe it won't seem so long since Nellie
went away.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERY ONE.

'TIS all we ask of you, my boy,
To do the best you can—
Perfection never fell within
The heritage of man.
Upon integrity rely
In labors once begun,
The hypercritical defy—
You can't please every one.

Invidious is the task of him
In public life installed;
His trivial faults are magnified,
His buried deeds recalled:
Though honest efforts end his course,
In honesty begun,
He clearly realizes that
He didn't please every one.

Then labor conscientiously
To do your very best,
And, that you try to fill your sphere,
Let honest deeds attest—
So that when in declining years,
You view your labors done,
Reproach can not be yours because
You didn't please every one.

A FRENCH IDYL.

GOOD day, Mrs. Murphy; Oi jist saw ould Flynn,
And he towled me yez had an addition loist night;
So Oi sez to mesil': "Mrs. Whalan, step in
An see phat a darlint hez brought 'em delight."

Arrah, now, can Oi howld him—the illegant boy!
Faix, he's jest loike his father, the little spalpeen!
But, Oi say, Mrs. Murphy, exuberant joy
Has given me thirst for a dhrop av poteen.

Phat! not going to treat? Yez kin niver do *that!*
Not a dhrop av poteen, because wages is shmall?
Here, take your cadaverous, bull-headed brat—
Sure, he don't look a bit loike his father at all!

SMOKY RUN.

IT was raining hard when the stranger came
Through the tavern door at Smoky Run;
He acted sick, an' we kind'er thought
That mebbe his strength was overdone.

We tried to draw him into a talk,
But it wan't no use—he bowed his head
In his trembling hands, an' only cried,
"She'd be better dead—oh better dead."

For over a week he hung around
In a sort of a melancholy way,
Watchin' the stages come an' go,
But never havin' a word to say.

Well, Sunday noon of the second week,
Since he come to stay at Smoky Run,
We miners set on the tavern porch
Tryin' to hide from the blazin' sun—

When a man and a woman come along
On a couple of bronchos side by side—
They stopped at the door an' asked the road,
Then traveled away toward Rocky Slide.

It wan't two minutes hed passed us by
When the stranger come with a jump an'
bound
Thro' the tavern door and started off
Right after the pair like a Russian hound.

Well, that was enough—we miners knew
That something was wrong an' trouble was near,
So we got in line an' hustled away
Down the mountain road like a lot of deer.

We'd gone a mile—to the bend in the pass,
Where the roadway curves at Deep Ravine,
When just as we turned there come to view
The toughest thing I have ever seen—

The woman lay at the stranger's feet
An' her mate lay stretched beside her dead
With an empty revolver near his head—
"Killed himself," so the stranger said.

"There ain't much room for doubt," we cried,
"But tell us the reason he took his life?"
The stranger lifted the woman up
An' moaned, "God pity my faithless wife."

He pressed her to him an' stroked her face
An' cried: "Oh, God, she'd be better dead."
"Stranger, who is this man?" we asked,
"My youngest brother," was all he said.

Well that was enough, we miners knew
That we hadn't no voice in a family row,
So we left them alone in the mountain pass
To settle their trouble—God knows how.

THE WAKARUSA BAND.

YOU talk about your Brooks's Band, and Boyer at his best—
An' Thomas's big orchestry, an' Sousa an' the rest—
Their hifalutin' music, I suppose, is good enough
For city folks who educate on operatic stuff;
But when you want to reach the heart and make it laugh an' sob,
An' be in touch with nature like, and make it thrill an' throb
With melody an' music that a child can understand,
You ought to hear a concert by the Wakarusa Band.

They ain't up on concertos an' cantatas an' the like—
But you can't beat 'em grindin' out a quickstep on the pike;
An' when they play "Old Nellie Gray" an' "Where the Daisies Grow,"
My memory goes slidin' back to the long, long ago;
An' music that'll work like that an' strike your very soul,
An' flood you full of memories an' all your past unroll—
That kind of music playin' fills its highest mission and
That's why I like to listen to the Wakarusa Band.

I saw the great directors in Chicago at the Fair,
With all their fine musicianers annihilatin' air;
A drum 'd bang, a horn 'd blat, a clarinet 'd shriek—
An' ef you call that music, say, you ought to hear me speak;
I want the kind of music that'l melt into the heart—
I wouldn't give a picayune for all their classic art;
Let educated critics gulp it down an' call it grand—
But I'll just sit an' listen to the Wakarusa Band.

TOAST TO THE LADIES.

WHO has not experienced the thrill of joy divine
That permeates the soul like some intoxicating wine,
That deep exquisite flood of bliss that fills the throbbing heart
That only some true honest love of woman can impart;
That fount of hope and joy and life, that something undefined
That makes the timid strong and brave, the stern and cruel kind;
That seems to draw forever inspiration from above,
That boon of rich and poor alike, that priceless treasure, love?

Your mind's eye ne'er could picture, nor Raphael e'er portray
A scene where pure devotion exercised completer sway,
Where messengers of peace and love in approbation smiled,
Than that of some fond mother at the cradle of her child;
The weary nights of vigil, the trials of the day
Are but a task of happiness, they seem to fade away
Before the gentle influence of that fond mother's love
Like threatening clouds dissolve before the fierce heat from above.

Go with me to the battle field where death is
in control
And mark the dying of the day with some poor
weary soul,
A ministering angel softly, gently passes by,
There's courage in her bearing, there's pity in
her eye.
She has no thirst for glory, no vain desire for
pelf,
She sacrifices all she has, her home, her health,
herself,
Her very life she offers up like Him who led the
way—
God bless the Red Cross Angels forever and for
aye.

Sing not to me of valiant deeds of some brave
knights of old,
I sing to you of braver deeds a hundred thous-
and fold;
Of some sweet bonnie bright-eyed lass whose
heav'n inspired life
Is consecrated to a toil of poverty and strife.
Where poor humanity is weak with misery and
sin,
Where happiness and cheerfulness and hope
have never been;
Mock not the young salvationist, for even unto
death
She follows in the footsteps of Him of Nazereth.

Perchance some Florence Nightingale within
this banquet hall
Is waiting with a willing heart for duty's trum-
pet call;
God bless her, aye, a thousand times if any such
there be,
Her life will sooth the troubled waves upon the
human sea,
Where avarice unceasingly replenishes its store
And princes blind cupidity throws nations into
war;
God bless her if her influence will bring a sweet
surcease
Of human slaughter and insure an everlasting
peace.

But this peculiar strain my friends, my lady
friends, I know
To place and audience is not exactly apropos;
I toast your health, fair ladies, and may many
banquets see
Your gracious presence with us in the years
that are to be,
May all your friendships tried and true be
bound by stronger ties,
May all the future be to you as clear as summer
skies;
May fondest recollection shed its beaming
soothing light
When memory recalls to you the banquet of
tonight.

"WHIRRUL IT."

IN sixty-three, when drafting was in vogue,
And men of thirty (?) ceased to dye their hair,
When many an honest man (and many a rogue)
A military suit was forced to wear.

Tom Flynn, with thumping heart and pallid face,
Stood with the crowd upon the court-house floor,
Crossing himself, and asking Heavenly grace
To save him from the horrors of a war.

Fresh from the drafting wheel each chosen name
Was loudly shouted thro' the spacious hall;
Another forced to fight sedition's flame!
Another doomed to face the rebel ball!

Anxious the while, poor Flynn with listening ear
(And something different to a warrior's mien)
Heard the clerk read in thunder tones and clear
The old familiar name of "Mike Dineen."

Swiftly toward the wheel he wildly ran,
Thinking his name the next would surely be,
And yelled: "O, whirrul it! whirrul it! whirrul it man!
Ochone! That fellow lives nixt door to me!"

OUR BOYS IN BLUE.

HERE'S to the honest soldier lads,
Here's to the hearts so true;
Here's to the country's proudest hope,
Here's to the boys in blue,
Onward ever their battle cry,
Never a one to lag;
Ever ready to do and die
Under their nation's flag.

Here's to the honest soldier lads,
Hearts as true as steel;
Human battlements brave and firm
Guarding their country's weal;
Sweeping liberty's foes aside,
Planting a standard new,
Freedom's champions every one,
Here's to the boys in blue.

God be with our soldier lads
Till peace floods forth her light,
And nerve their souls with courage true
In the cause of human right,
Give cheer to a mother's anxious heart,
And cheer to a sweetheart's too;
God grant them all a safe return,
Our loyal boys in blue.

LULLABY.

PEACE be unto thee—hush my child—
Heaven's little one undefiled;
Nestle close to your mother's breast,
Sail away to the land of rest;
Sweetest blessing from paradise—
Rest my little one; close your eyes;
Angels ever their vigils keep—
Sleep, my precious, my baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep;
Mother dear will hold thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep;
Mother's arms enfold thee.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my precious one—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Peace be unto thee, gift divine;
Sweet and innocent baby mine.
Never a royal diadem
Held so pure a priceless gem.
All the world is as naught to me—
Mother's baby—compared to thee.
Sweetest blessing from paradise—
Rest, my little one; close your eyes.

FULL fierce and fast the battle raged—the very jaws of hell
Were opened wide and pouring out a storm of shot and shell;
The scorching tropic sun beat down its streams of molten fire
Until it seemed that fate had made a giant funeral pyre.
But onward, onward, inch by inch they mov'd with courage true
Like some vast living wall of might—the loyal boys in blue.
No murmuring, no faltering, and when the day was done—
Hurrah! hurrah!—a thousand times—the victory was won.

For freedom and humanity, equality and right
We'll ne'er forget the heroes bold who battled in that fight;
For all that independence loves—for all we hold most dear
Forever and forever shall the world their names revere;
On monuments enduring fast, as with a burning pen
Let history recount their sacrifice for fellow men;
And let a grateful nation drop a tear in memory's urn
For all those loyal boys in blue who never will return.

THE PRIVATES AND THE CREW.

GIVE honor to the gallant Schley to whom
all honors are,
And sing the praises of heroic Hobson near and
far:
Shout loud huzzas of gratitude for Dewey brave
and true—
But don't forget our heroes bold—the privates
and the crew.

For them no hope of station high where grate-
ful plaudits sound—
For them no honored place on Fame's eternal
camping ground;
A plain and simple duty theirs—defying shot
and shell—
Theirs but the thought of having done that
simple duty well.

The private, sailor and marine, when all is said
and done—
The engineer and fireman—are heroes every
one;
For them no hope of lasting names on an im-
mortal roll—
Their only inspiration an undying valor's soul.

Let honest merit meet reward in high or low estate;
Let Justice ever point the way where praise and glory wait—
So while we give a thousand cheers for all the leaders true,
We'll not forget our heroes bold—the privates and the crew.

FROG QUARTET.

THE CROAKER.

A BULL frog croaked in a lonely marsh
On a dark and dismal night.
He had a cold and his voice was harsh,
But he croaked with all his might.
And he woke the birds and he woke the bees
Slumbering quietly in the trees;
And the things that fly and the things that creep
Prayed in vain for a wink of sleep,
But the frog, he kept on croaking.

CHORUS.

Jug a rum, jug a rum, jug a rum, jug a rum,
On the midnight ozone rang;
Jug a rum, jug a rum, jug a rum, jug a rum,
Was the song that bull frog sang.

Now a lovely pelican flying along
On that dark and dismal night,
Pricked up his ears when he heard that song,
And he hurried him in his flight;
Then he halted him quick with a sudden jerk
Where the croaker was doing his solo work.
And he settled himself on the end of a log,
And he didn't do a thing to that foolish frog—
For the frog did no more croaking.

There's a moral I think that all can see
In the story I've brought out.
And all the facts I swear to be
Above the slightest doubt.
The fellow who croaks with a long drawn face
In the battle of life is out of place.
If a pelican happens to come his way,
He'll soon discover it doesn't pay
To be forever croaking.

THE CLOCK.

I HEARD the old clock ticking near my open chamber door
In a soft and mellow voice-like tone I never heard before;
In rythm sweet indelibly it marked upon my mind
A truth that old eternity can never leave behind—
This truth, as old as Father Time, that for a thousand years
Has fallen on a myriad of dull, unheeding ears:
"Whether it be of sunshine, or whether it be of rain,
"The hour that is passing by will never come again."

And a hurried rush of vain regrets came o'er me thick and fast
As the old clock resurected the dead and buried past,
For in the panorama that my flitting fancy made
Procrastination, like a fiend, was vividly portrayed;
And springing from my restless couch I cried: "O Time, delay?"
But the old clock seemed to answer: "Tomorrow is today—
"Whether it be of happiness or whether it be of pain,
"The hour that is passing by will never come again."

But ambition swelled within me as the future
'rose to view
With munificent reward for perseverance strong
and true;
And with grim determination I resolved that
every day
Should record a labor well performed—and the
old clock seemed to say:
"Dwell with the resolution, and hold it strong
and fast,
"Till the life that is gliding from you lies buried
in the past;
"For whether it mark a credit, or whether it
brand a stain,
"The hour that is passing by will never come
again."

THE TYPICAL TRAMP.

I'M a typical tramp, the people say
In an off-hand sort of a careless way;
An' I guess they're right—but say, dy'e know
That I've got a heart if it doesn't show?
I ain't been like this all my life
On the under side of care and strife;
I used to have ambition, and
A good supply of grit and sand.
But fate's peculiar—some'll run
Along the light of the golden sun,
And others, no matter how true and proud
Are always somehow under a cloud.
Well, I'm not going to wear you out
With a long drawn history about
Myself, but say, perhaps you'll wait
Till you hear the typical tramp relate
A few of the things that put him where
He is today. She was young and fair—
My wife, I mean, and God knows I'd
Ha' sacrificed myself and died
For her and the little baby, he
Bright and chipper as he could be.
Well I, when all is said and done
Was about the same as the common run;
And she, my wife I mean, why she
Seemed to swear by the kid and me.
Week in and out I worked away
And I never lost a single day
In three long years, and tried to do
My honest duty through and through;
And I was the happiest man on earth—

Life was flowing with joy and mirth;
My hope was there without alloy
In my loving wife and my baby boy.
But things was going too smooth, I guess—
Too much pleasure and happiness;
Too much home-like harmony
For an ordinary man like me.
Things had to change, as they sometimes will—
I quit my work at the rolling mill
One summer night, and drew my pay—
Seems like it was yesterday—
And I went to the store and bought a dress—
A sort of a gingham one, I guess—
I don't remember—I never could—
I knew *she'd* think it was just as good
As a silk or satin. And then I went
Straight to my cottage home hell bent,
Going to surprise my wife, you know—
And I wanted to hear the baby crow;
And I wanted, O well, I wanted to be
In the only place in the world for me.
Well it wasn't long till I struck the door
Of my cottage home—there's not much more
To tell about—she wasn't there—
And the baby was gone—on a kitchen chair
I found this paper, and God! if you
Have never had a knife run through
Your very heart you can never know
The force of the pain and grief and blow:
"Dear Tom," she wrote, "I've gone away
"To never come back—don't lose a day
"Trying to find me—I always knew

"I never was good enough for you."
Well that was all—I discovered soon
That early along in the afternoon
A fellow I counted my warmest friend
Had brought my hopes to a bitter end;
Like a poisonous snake in a sneaky way
He had stolen my baby and wife away.

* * * * * *

Four years I've drunk from sorrow's cup
With one ambition to hold me up—
A hope that sometime, in some place,
I'll meet that fellow face to face,
And it won't take very long, you bet
For me to partly pay the debt
I owe him. Now I guess I've done—
My strain's too blue for the average run,
And the world ain't got no use today
For a tramp's emotions anyway.

AS WE ARE.

OUR social status now we view with something like tranquility,
For finally we have attained alliance with nobility;
The old world's crumbling castles and dilapidated terraces
Are being put in shape again by our ambitious heiresses;
They marry condescending dukes whose pedigrees will antidate
The time of antiquated Noah who piloted the ship of state—
And pedigree is all they've got— but surely you will all agree
That this is just exactly right in all high toned society.

There's many a social gathering we call a missionary tea
That ever has productive been of true unbounded harmony—
Where tender hearted ladies meet to sup their fragrant Oolong, and
Discuss the unbelievers in some distant, wooly foreign land.
They gather contributions and they ship out every cent they can
To China's suffering heathen and the great unwashed of Hindoostan—
Which eminently proper is—I never entertain a doubt
For *we* have no domestic needy hottentots to think about.

Who'er says politicians are dishonest gabbles gammon, he
Has never read the history of our beloved Tammany,
For its officials who attain a most surprising altitude
To loyalty and honesty are firmly and forever glued.
And in the old United States, e'er since the government began
There's no exception to the rule—the office *always* seeks the man;
And that is why election day when we select a president
You never see the slightest sign of any money being spent.

Society is managed in a marvelously perfect way,
And fashion's devotees admit that everything is recherche—
In fact the swim of higher life could never, never, never yield
More satisfactory results if chaperoned by Chesterfield.
You never heard Miss So and So relate in edifying glee
That Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown's no better than she ought to be—
In fact you hear *no* gossiping at any of our tete-a-tetes—
It strictly is prohibited throughout the whole United States.

I might sing on forever in my quiet unassuming way
About the old United States where justice holds a potent sway;
Where alltruistic doctors in a field of usefulness abound
Who make mistakes—but when they do—they promptly put them under ground:
Where lawyer's honest faces beam with floods of concientious light
And wreathes of beatific smiles—at their inherent sense of right—
But modesty forbids—besides, to what advantage could I sing—
When everybody knows that we are perfect quite in everything?

DEWEY'S COMIN' HOME.

FROM Maine to California throughout our mighty land
There's somethin' agitatin' us a child could understand—
A patriotic sentiment as strong an' warm an' true
As ever cheered the heart of man an' thrilled it through and through.
No partisan or race or creed, or low or upper crust
Can gather in this feelin' an' control it with a trust;
An' pretty soon, from mine pit up to heaven's distant dome,
That pent-up feelin' will explode—for Dewey's comin' home.

There's never been an Admiral who had a better way
Of takin' up an argument an' settlin' it to stay;
For when his side has had its say—his broadside in a word—
The opposition argument is very seldom heard.
You never hear him quibble, an' he never hesitates,
When he is makin' history for the United States.
Oh, talk of cheerin' Ceaser once upon a time in Rome!
We'll knock that cheerin' galley west—for Dewey's comin' home.

He's modest as they make 'em, an' there's no one charges that
Since he has won his victory he wears a bigger hat.
He's had all kinds of trials, an' there's no one ever said
That he was ever rattled or he ever lost his head.
No wonder that his countrymen will swear that he's about
As perfect an American as ever was ground out.
So, speed away Olympia, an' churn the briny foam,
An' everybody whoop 'er up—for Dewey's comin' home.

IT'S BETTER TO BELIEVE.

THER' may be logic, truth an' sense an' argument an' wit
In everything the infidels hev written on, but it
Hez allers seemed uncommon queer an' strange ter me that they
Don't ever give a substitute for what they take away.

They take away the only balm thet fer a thousan' years
Hez cheered a mother's faintin' heart an' dried a widow's tears:
They shet out God's own sunshine thet penetrates the gloom
Thet like a pall hangs over all within a mourner's room.

They kill the hope thet came to birth when hearts were light an' free,
An' children learned to lisp ther' prayers at ther' mother's knee,
When all the future seemed as bright as any noonday sky,
An' youth, in certainty of heaven, was not afraid to die.

I hev a hope that something on the other side
of life
Will recompense a fellow for the pain an' care
an' strife
That this world starts on double quick to fol-
low him an' his.—
If there's not something in thet hope it's good
to think there is.

An' when you fold a pair of hands upon a life-
less breast,
An' kiss thet sweet cold face again before its
laid to rest,
It somehow helps a fellow face the flow of sor-
row's tide
To think he'll meet his dear ones there upon
the other side.

Ther's some'll joke about the church an' laugh,
an' jibe an' jeer,
An' jump upon the minister an' say he ain't
sincere—
But they're the hypocrites themselves fer I hev
allers found
When troubles strike they somehow like to hev
him come around.

Ther's hypocrites in churches too—its hard to
keep 'em out—
They'll steal ther' neighbors blind an' then
get up an' pray an' shout,
An' weep an' howl when Sunday comes—but be
it understood
They wouldn't try and counterfeit a thing thet
wasn't good.

Supposin' Ingersol is right an' all he says is true,
An' ther's nothing in the picture thet the old disciples drew,
An' ther's nothin' in communion that'll banish grief an' care,
An' ther's nothin' in the churches an' ther's nothin' in the prayer?—

Ain't it better to believe that those you hold most dear an' fond
Will be with you forever in a better place beyond?
Ain't it better to send up a prayer with a dying breath?
Ain't it better to hev something that removes the sting of death?

The Faith may be all a pretty dream as Ingersoll has said—
It may be hope is gone forever when a fellow's dead—
It may be as he oft declares a most stupendous fake—
But I'll continue dreaming on—an' he can stay awake.

B. P. O. E.

ACROSTIC.

Born of true parentage—fraternal love—
Ever deep mindful of a brother's weal;
Nursing no wrongs, but far and far above—
Endorsing charity with earnest zeal.
Vanity here strikes no responsive theme—
Our order calls for manhood true and strong,
Love of our fellow mortals reigns supreme,
Enduring ever like a joyous song.
No selfishness obtains within our plan,
True friendship ever is exemplified,

A blessed, lasting brotherhood of man—
Never recording charity denied;
Delighting in benevolence unseen,

Providing where the world shall know it not,
Rejoicing with a satisfaction keen
Over an aided brother's bettered lot;
True to its chosen sons forever, and
Earnestly striving for them to obtain
Continuing relief throughout our land
That humankind may reach a higher plane;
In true fraternal spirit giving deep
Vitality to sad misfortune's own;
Encouraging where grief and sorrow weep

"Designed to live forever and a day."

O'er sweet ambitious hope and pleasure flown.
Replete with principles of high ideal,
Designed to live forever and a day—
Embracing questions of our common weal—
Results attained to never pass away.

Our order cherish—do the best you can—
For all its teachings lead you to the right;

Encourage love—and for your fellow man
Let true fraternal spirit be your light;
Keep faithfully its lessons—you shall see
Surpassing grandeur of B. P. O. E.

MY LITTLE BABY BOY.

THERE'S music in the babbling brook that
hurries down the hill!
There's music in the robin's song and in
the linnet's trill;
There's harmony in everything, but nothing
has the half
Of melody that ripples through my little baby's
laugh.

His eyes are like the stars at night; his pretty
dimpled chin
And delicate, soft, chubby hands would grace a
cherubin;
When he is nestled in my arms the world is
full of joy,
All centered in that gift divine—my little baby
boy.

No monarch ever owned a gem with mine to
half compare;
No wealth of gold could buy a king a jewel half
so fair;
Oh, he is all the world to me—content without
alloy,
And hope and love and happiness—my little
baby boy.

Evolution of a laugh.—"My Little Baby Boy."

OUR OWN JACK TAR.

THE Englishman's a stayer, the Italian likes a scrap,
And you'll never catch a German or a Frenchman in a nap.
With due respect to all of them to whom all honors are
I call your kind attention to our own Jack Tar.

CHORUS.

He knows no fears
When the bo'sn pipes
But he gives three cheers
For the Stars and Stripes
And he stands by his guns with a courage grand
For his honor, his flag and his native land.

Our navy isn't very old—a hundred years or so—
But records count for everything, and we have one to show;
Since independence came to us no history can mar
The patriotic bearing of our own Jack Tar.

In all of the engagements we've been called upon to fight
The enemy acknowleged that we entertained 'em right;
And ever since those little entertainments near and far
They all take off their chapeaus to our own Jack Tar.

OLD GLORY.

WITH Old Glory waving o'er us
We our joyous voices raise,
And in patriotic chorus
We will sing our country's praise.
From the old Penobscot river
To the far Pacific slope
May the stars and stripes forever
Fill our hearts with pride and hope.

CHORUS.

Hip, Hip, hurrah for the flag of our nation,
Hip, Hip, hurrah for the flag of the free,
Wave it on high o'er the whole of creation—
Bear it in triumph o'er mountain and sea.

Dearest emblem that we cherish
Harbinger of hope and light—
Not a star shall ever perish
While we have a hand to fight.
No oppressor shall assail thee
While a dear bought freedom reigns,
Brave defenders ne'er shall fail thee
While a spark of life remains.

"Spattin' in the rushes with an old cane pole."

THE OLD CANE POLE,

OH, the old cane pole—how my heart beat high
When I used to swing it in the days gone by
Where the bending rushes and the long lake grass
Furnished hiding places for the hungry bass!
When a great big lunker that was tempting fate
Telegraphed a message that he had the bait
'Twas a sweet sensation that'd stir the soul—
Spattin' in the rushes with an old cane pole.

My whole anatomy with laughter thrills
To see a rod and reel and the other frills
The hifalutin' artist brings into play
To snake out bass in a scientific way.
He'll look around with a pitying smile
At the fellow fishing in the good old style,
But in every case I will bet my roll
That he won't be in it with the old cane pole.

Oh, the old cane pole—there's nothing so fine
As to feel a bass tug on a good stout line,
For if you've got your nerve and you work it right
You are sure to land him in a good square fight;
And when you're going home you won't have to guess
Where your fish are coming from—you'll have a mess.
So let the fancy fisherman cast and troll,
But I will spat the rushes with an old cane pole.

TALE OF THE TYRO.

OH, they thump you and lambaste you,
And they jump you and they paste you
In an edifying fashion that'll make you pale and wan;
And you'll tumble in a minute
That you're nicely, strictly in it
When you learn the inner workings of the gentle Khorassan.

Then you'll think that something bit you
And you'll *know* that something hit you
Like an embryonic cyclone from the wild and wooly west:
And with apprehension growing
You'll imagine you are going
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

And they'll think perhaps you oughter
Take a bath in Zem Zem water
And they'll give you good and plenty for there's none to say you nay;
And you'll want your courage handy
In the desert hot and sandy
When the camel gets a hump on and you journey on your way.

"When the camel gets a hump on and you journey on your way."

Oh, the unrestricted pleasure
And enjoyment without measure
That awaits the poor deluded, unsophisticated man
Who in mental weak condition
Has a lingering suspicion
He'd enjoy the metamorphosis that makes a Khorassan.

Oh, the Arabs, how they bless you
And how gently they caress you
With a kindness born of altruism's highest, truest aim:
How they take you with them roaming,
In the morning, in the gloaming—
And although you lack experience you get there just the same.

What a pleasure there is for you—
What exquisite joy comes o'er you
When you realize the cherished shining pinnacle is gained;
When your journey is completed
Though you're somewhat overheated
Still you doubt not for a minute you've been nicely entertained

When the razzle dazzle's ended
It is always comprehended
That your stock of Arab knowledge has amazingly increased;
Still your physical condition
Might create a dim suspicion
That you have the same ambition as a gentleman deceased.

Take a twenty and you bet it
That you never will forget it
The initiation proper and the many funny cracks;
Your unbounded joy will fire you
And experience inspire you
With a firm belief you got it where the chicken got the ax.

But I'll tell you on the level
Notwithstanding all the revel
Incidental to the doing of a victim good and brown,
There is something that will reach you—
'Tis a lesson that will teach you
Of the charity that aids a man when he is broken down.

So with all the variegated
Joy and pleasure I have stated
You can put it down for certain since old history began—
There is none among the others
Like our band of Arab brothers—
And I toast the health and happiness of ev'ry Khorassan.

LEFEBRE.

I CAN always sit and listen to the soft and mellow note
That in rippling, bubbling music gushes from the linnet's throat;
And I love to hear the chatter of the purling crystal rill
As in and out it winds about and hurries down the hill.
And I love to hear a singer who with pathos warm and true
Can awaken in your memory your childhood scenes anew;
And in honesty of spirit an acknowledgement I own
An enthusiastic liking for Lefebre's saxophone.

And I will give all honor, too, wherever it is due,
And so, my dear Lefebre, I now give the same to you;
To praise with fulsome flattery I surely don't intend,
But every one who knows you, you can schedule as a friend;
There's a hundred thousand heard you, and a hundred thousand more,
And you can multiply the same by more than twenty-four,
And still you haven't half enough—an honest man must own—
Who sat enraptured hearing your inspiring saxophone.

May time deal with you leniently, and may the future bless
Your useful years that are to be with peace and happiness;
And may the power you possess—the master's highest art,
Remain with you for years and years to gladden every heart.
And now I toast your health, old friend, with sentiment sincere—
Long lease of life and happiness and hope and joy and cheer:
You've earned this eulogy, my friend, and I would have it known
There's only one Lefebre ever played the saxophone.

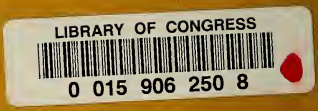
L. of C.

WASHINGTON.

FIRST in war—no task how e'er so great
But he accomplished, and his work survives;—
He gave us freedom's independent state—
A legacy more precious than our lives.

First in peace—his clear unruffled mind
Inspired the infant government with zeal;
Strong and yet gentle, steadfast and yet kind
He solved the problem of our common weal.

First in our hearts forever and a day
His light shall shine like some refulgent sun—
A beacon light to guide us on the way
Our own revered, immortal, Washington.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